PS 635
.Z9
M382
Copy 1

THE THANKSGIVING OF PRAISEGOD PENTY

—BY—

JULIA M. MARTIN

PRICE 25 CENTS

Eldridge Entertainment House

Franklin, Ohio *and* **Denver, Colo.**
944 So. Logan Street

Money-Making Entertainment Novelties for Church, School or Lodge

Miss Nibbs' Novelty Shop

By Alta Becker. This is a novel and humorous entertainment, introducing 'Liza Ann, Miss Nibbs, two traveling salesmen, shoppers, mechanical dolls and mechancal maid of all work. A good little stunt where a short, clean, humorous number is desired. Plays about 30 minutes. Price, 25c.

The Brightville Indoor Chautauqua

By Bessie Baker and Nellie Hanna. Here is a brand new idea for an evening's entertainment. It is in 5 parts, each part representing a day at Chautauqua. Gives wide scope for introduction of large cast and many specialties. Complete programs suggested as follows: Part 1, Chautauqua Concert Company; Part 2, Living Pictures; Part 3, Musical Entertainers; Part 4, Farmers' Night; Part 5, Coonville Jubilee Singers. Price, 35c.

Sorepaw & Fells Indoor Circus

By Margaret S. Bridge and Margaret H. Hahn. The Grand Annex and Musee, Freaks, Curiosities and Monstrosities, never were in it with the marvelous, amazing, mystifying array outlined in its pages. Artistic, ambling, agile, 'andsome acrobats; cajoling, cadaverous, costly, curious, cunning clowns; Hee-Shee, the Monkey Girl of Yucatan; all of these and many others will be seen in the Big Peerade before the show starts, ladies and gentlemen. Keep to the right—don't crowd. Price, 25c.

As Ye Sew

A "talking doll" missionary play by Dorothy Crichton. A lot of fun and some wholesome lessons are contained in the conversation of the dolls who discuss the motives of their donors. Splendid for Young People's or Missionary Societies. 10 girls, 1 boy, or all girls. Time, 20 minutes. Price, 15c.

Finding the Key

A dialog and drill for 10 or 12 girls and boys. Suitable for any religious program, but especially for Easter. Time, 20 minutes. Deals with problems of youth, recreations, etc.; also with those of Community Life and the present spirit of Unrest. Interspersed with suggested songs. Drill very effective. 25c.

Eldridge Entertainment House

FRANKLIN, OHIO also DENVER, COLO.
944 S. Logan St.

The Thanksgiving of Praisegod Penty

By JULIA M. MARTIN

PRICE 25 CENTS

Copyright 1921, by Julia M. Martin

PUBLISHED BY
ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE
FRANKLIN, OHIO
DENVER, COLO.
944 S. Logan St.

PS635
.Z9M382

Cast of Characters

The Pentys, a Puritan family, who have had the courage to rear their dwelling four miles from Charlestown, on what is now the Salem road, are at breakfast. They include.

PRAISEGOD PENTY, the head of the family.

DAME MERCY PENTY, his wife.

UNCLE NATHAN PENTY, his brother.

DICK PENTY, age fourteen.

LITTLE PRUDY.

DEC 30 '22
©CLD 63551

Mr. 1

The Thanksgiving of Praisegod Penty

UNCLE NATHAN—And this day they hold the thankful feast, because the ship has providently come! Feast! with a blizzard swirling all around us, piling the drift. 'Twan't bad enough, it seems, to have no horse, no road to new supplies— No! We must have the snowdrift pile up, too. We'll hold our thankful feast next June, I doubt, happen we still survive by then to eat it.

MERCY—Yet have another clam, good Uncle Penty. Perhaps they will not taste so ill this morning, because we know the ship has come at last. Father, another bowl of roasted acorns? I like them, since relief is close at hand. Did he not say that horses might be had as soon as weather modified?

PRAISEGOD—Who, Mother?

UNCLE—Who? Why, the unregenerate young fellow who came here preaching vitiated doctrine, the day you went to Charlestown, Brother Praisegod.

PRAISEGOD—You did not say he came to preach, good wife.

DICK—Prudy, would you have thought he was a preacher?

PRUDY—Oh, Richard, no—I don't believe he could be. He wasn't like the Reverend Mr. Tindale; he told me pretty tales about the goblins. I couldn't be afraid of Mr. Williams.

MERCY—I do not think he came to force his doctrine. He happened, though, to speak with Uncle Penty touching the poor, benighted souls of red men.

UNCLE—A firebrand among us, Brother Praisegod! He says the unregenerated savage may not be wholly

lost, if simple conscience is listened to—the only guidance given.

MERCY—Better a mind benighted, he declared, but upward-struggling out of degradation, than membership, if membership were all.

UNCLE—Think of it, Praisegod—those benighted wretches whose creed is only worship of the devil, and who at this very moment may be plotting to stamp the white man out of these plantations!

DICK—He thought we have no need to fear the Indians; he didn't think they meant to be unfriendly the day that Uncle nearly came to trouble. Either misunderstood the other, he says.

PRUDY—He's learning how to speak a funny way—with Indian words. And oh, they made us laugh.

DICK—He's been among the savages already and learned a hundred interesting things, although he's been here only twenty days.

UNCLE—The fact that he is hanging round the red men should tell you what he is—a widely-ranging, unorthodox young fellow, very clearly. I tell you, we shall find we have among us a firebrand, in this young Roger Williams.

MERCY—You had some trouble, Uncle, with the Indians?

DICK—(*aside to Prudy*) Had Mother been there, she would call it, rather, trouble the Indians had with Uncle Nathan.

UNCLE—That's neither here nor there.

PRAIESGOD—(*with a quiet smile*) We promised Nathan we should not let the story get abroad, didn't we, Dick?

UNCLE—(*uneasily*) Hark, how the wind roars by!

PRAISEGOD—Son, do you think we'll ever manage, though, to keep our little secret from the goodwife?

DICK—It would be fun to try it, wouldn't it, Father? I told you we should think of something new to

keep us busy till the storm was over. (*To Mercy.*) I've never kept one from you, have I, Mother?

(*There is a knock at the door. Praisegod reaches down his matchlock and lays it in a handy, but not offensive, position. Uncle Penty manifests symptoms of nervousness. Enter, with a blast of wind and a flurry of snow, Roger Williams, heavily muffled in a wool scarf about the head, and in thick homespuns and high knitted socks. He, too, has a matchlock, which he leans against the wall.*)

MERCY—Why, Goodman Williams—welcome! Is it possible, in such a storm? Come—draw the bench up, Dick. (*Dick draws a bench to the fire; Praisegod puts on fresh logs.*) And, Prudy, reach the caddy down for Mother. Sir, you are nearly frozen, I declare. 'Tis well we have the kettle hot for tea. (*She helps him unwind his long muffler, sets a plate for him, and otherwise busies herself for his comfort.*)

PRAISEGOD—(*to Williams*) Now, not too near the fire at first, you know—happen you'll have a touch of frosted ears, toes, or the like. Dick, bring a bowl of snow.

(*Dick goes quickly to the door with a bowl. .He opens the door and shows some interest in an object beside the doorstep, but says nothing.*)

ROGER WILLIAMS—I feel none. Spare your trouble, Master Dick. (*To Praisegod.*) And thank you,sir.

PRAISEGOD—I take it you're a stranger.

WILLIAMS—You're Mr. Penty?

PRAISEGOD—Yes.

WILLIAMS—My name is Williams.

(*They shake hands.*)

Yes, I arrived but with the latest ship.

PRAISEGOD—You're not accustomed, then, to such a blizzard.

WILLIAMS—Keen as a knife cut, isn't it, that wind?

PRAISEGOD—You walked from Boston?

WILLIAMS—Recently I did. But Thursday night I rested with the Indians.

PRAISEGOD—You've come a goodly distance, then.

MERCY—And last night?

WILLIAMS—I slept within a tree-hole, which the Lord had providently hollowed, in His goodness. It was a blessed sleep.

PRAISEGOD—But none too warm?

WILLIAMS—Well, I am none the worse.

UNCLE—Hm! what occasion one finds for such a trip through drift and blizzard, is best beknown to you, sir.

WILLIAMS—I was taking a medicine that offered some relief to a sorely stricken Indian.

MERCY—Goodman Williams, this tea will bring the blood into your fingers. Sit up, and don't be delicate. I knew you'd need a plenty, so I made it weak. (*To Prudy, who, anxious to be helpful, is holding out the clam dish.*) Not this, dear—hotter clams are on the crane.

PRUDY—You mustn't be afraid to drink our tea, for we don't never use it, do we, Mother? Not any more.

WILLIAMS—(*stopping amid-cups*) Confess, dear Mistress Penty, these were the last few pinches in the caddy, heroically hoarded all the winter, perhaps for some emergency.

MERCY—(*smiling*) This is one. But no—we've still a bit, sir, in the caddy. (*To Uncle Penty, who shows uneasiness.*) Enough to last us nicely till the new comes.

PRUDY—'Cause Uncle drinks it always, don't you, Uncle?

MERCY—Prudy!

UNCLE—'Tis little comfort, sir, at that, one has in this rude wilderness. In Holland we never lacked, at least, for things of this world.

WILLIAMS—Ah, yes! 'Twas doubtless pleasant there in Holland.

MERCY—Very. The folk of Holland were so friendly!

UNCLE—I never had a bit of use for Dutchmen. Their worship, sir, was little short of heathen.

MERCY—(*holding out a dish*) We're still enjoying acorns, Mr. Williams. So high the snows have drifted, we're unable to share the recent blessings of the cargo, until the weather mitigates a little.

(*Nathan hugs the fire closer. Praisegod is busied in stirring it.*)

MERCY—(*slyly to Williams*) And so, sir, you do not believe the Indians intended any wrong to Uncle Nathan?

WILLIAMS—Not in the least, until, you see, they thought the worthy man had come intent to woo.

MERCY—Our Uncle Penty wooing? How can that be?

DICK—Oh, but he wasn't—(*Suddenly stops his own mouth.*)

WILLIAMS—No. Your husband's brother. While they were hewing timbers in the woods, missing his pewter mug, accused an Indian, who happened to be passing, of the theft.

DICK—(*to Prudy*) He's telling. What a joke on Uncle Nathan, after he had us bottled up so nicely!

WILLIAMS—The Indian was a damsel, young and comely, who, after fetching water from the spring, was now about to paddle from the shore. The damsel, when the worthy Mr. Penty conveyed to her by sign his accusation, indignantly invited him, in gesture, to follow her and search in her canoe. He did so. But a brave upon the shore, thinking that he indeed had gone a-wooing—

UNCLE—(*who now catches the drift of the conversation*) That's neither here nor there!

WILLIAMS—Let fly an arrow.

DICK—Oh, Prudy, I shall die of joy.

MERCY—'Twas natural.

WILLIAMS—Perfectly. With the use of tact and patience we'll overcome the need of fear and arrows. I find the Indians ready to be friendly. 'Twas obvious, too, they had a sense of humor, as soon as I explained the situation.

UNCLE—I never had a bit of use for Indians. Their creed is nothing less than devil worship.

WILLIAMS—(*in astonishment*) So? I assure you, those of hereabout had given me no reason to believe so. With simple ears they listened, but with ready, to all that had relation to the Spirit—"The Great and Good Spirit"—so they call Him. And hospitality seems a racial virtue. They pressed upon me gifts I could not take, but to avoid offending them, was forced to bear away; and I shall turn them over to Charlestown folks, to testify the hearts of God's unlessoned children of the forest.

DICK—(*to Prudy*) And I know what the gift was—Indian corn. I saw it, where he left it by the door.

PRAISEGOD—Brother, it much rejoices us to learn these things of good report about God's creatures.

MERCY—It does, indeed. Another good, hot clam? I know they seem no dainty to you now, sir. But these I cooked by methods of my own. I hope you'll not refuse.

WILLIAMS—No more indeed—. I have partaken twice, with greatest relish. (*Rises.*)

UNCLE—I never had a bit of use for clams.

WILLIAMS—Perhaps you were not born upon a coast. I thought good Mistress Penty's dish delicious.

UNCLE—Now, English king and laws I have no use for; and English church is little short of heathen; but I'll remember always how the housewives of England used to roast the good old goose, and serve it with a little touch of sauce. Ah, sir (*lugubriously*) such sauce we'll never come by here. (*To Mercy.*) I doubt you've quite forgotten how to make it, Mercy, had we the makings of it, even. (*To Williams.*) We've had no game all winter, sir.

PRAISEGOD—The woods here are not a very heavy winter larder.

UNCLE—(*singing nasally to the older tune of "Blest Be the Tie that Binds," with the accent falling wrongly on the syllables*)

"The rivers on of Babylon,
There where—ere—we di-id sit down,
Yea, ee-ev-en there-ere we mourn-ed when-en
We re-ee-member-ered Zion."

PRAISEGOD—(*much depressed by Uncle Penty's efforts*) If we could only get the Indian corn!

DICK—Since Uncle Nathan's mishap they won't sell it. (*Mercy silences him by a quiet sign.*)

UNCLE—(*quickly*) I've little taste for corn bread, anyhow, but that's not here nor there. The question is, whether the thin, poor soil of this New England will ever yield corn, or aught other thing. I doubt the Indians use the art of magic to bring their fields to bearing.

WILLIAMS—That reminds me—Go fishing, just before you plant your corn, and put a little fish in every hill. An Indian boy instructed me in that.

UNCLE—It seems un-Christian, eating Indian corn. And there—I told you they resort to magic!

WILLIAMS—No, I think not, sir. I have oft observed that where a graveyard is, or animal bones, the soil is very fertile. That, perhaps, is why the red men use the little fishes. (*Rises.*)

PRAISEGOD—Goodman, you've done us all a right good turn in telling us this thing, if it be true. Come back next year and share our harvest home.

DICK—And teach us how to make that Indian pudding.

UNCLE—Hm! I should little fancy Indian dishes.

WILLIAMS—(*to Praisegod and Richard*) And, now, dear friends, I hope I may be pardoned for rushing off so early after meat. (*Shakes hands all around.*) I have

a heavy wallow through the drift before I come to Charlestown, as you know.

MERCY—(*bringing his scarf, etc.*) Muffle up well your throat, good Mr. Williams, before you face that wintry blast again.

WILLIAMS—(*shaking hands last with Mercy*) I thank you each, and gentle Mistress Penty, for all the kindness met beneath this roof-beam.

MERCY—And now, a lucky journey.

(*Williams shoulders his matchlock.*)

WILLIAMS—(*to all*) God preserve you.

UNCLE—I noticed that he said his grace before, instead of after, meat. I can't abide him, with all his tricks and godless innovations. They overturn the old, established ways.

PRAISEGOD—Brother, a man who braves a storm like this, to ease a bit some redskin's moan of pain, can't be entirely vicious, nor corrupt.

UNCLE—Well, you shall see what comes of—

MERCY—Sh! What's that?

DICK—A falling tree, perhaps. I heard it, too.

MERCY—A muffled noise.

PRAISEGOD—'Twas like the dull report a matchlock might have made in all the storm.

UNCLE—I say, that innovation smacks of heresy—

(*There is a dull thud against the door. Without hesitation, Mercy opens it, Praisegod hurrying protectingly to her side.*)

MERCY—Father, see what he's left us!

PRAISEGOD—(*roaring through the storm*) Thank you! Thank you! Good neighbor Williams!

MERCY—I don't think he heard you. Already he is hidden by the snowstorm.

DICK—Prudy! Prudy! Come here—see what we have. (*Praisegod lifts from the doorstep a fat partridge—ruffled grouse, and a bag of Indian meal.*)

DICK—(*teasingly*) Now, what a shame it is that Uncle Nathan hasn't a bit of use for Indian maize! There should be plenty acorns left for him, though, for I'd as soon have bread of Indian meal, as Mother makes it.

PRUDY—Oh, and so should I. But, Uncle, you'll enjoy the roasted partridge?

UNCLE—It can't compare with roasted English goose; there's nothing like the goose. I well remember they served it with a little touch of sauce—

PRAISEGOD—(*at last losing patience*) Children, it is the blessed day of thanks. Let us forget it not.

MERCY—(*softly*) The Lord provides.

Money-Making Entertainment Novelties for Church, School or Lodge

Miss Nibbs' Novelty Shop

By Alta Becker. This is a novel and humorous entertainment, introducing 'Liza Ann, Miss Nibbs, two traveling salesmen, shoppers, mechanical dolls and mechancal maid of all work. A good little stunt where a short, clean, humorous number is desired. Plays about 30 minutes. Price, 25c.

The Brightville Indoor Chautauqua

By Bessie Baker and Nellie Hanna. Here is a brand new idea for an evening's entertainment. It is in 5 parts, each part representing a day at Chautauqua. Gives wide scope for introduction of large cast and many specialties. Complete programs suggested as follows: Part 1, Chautauqua Concert Company; Part 2, Living Pictures; Part 3, Musical Entertainers; Part 4, Farmers' Night; Part 5, Coonville Jubilee Singers. Price, 35c.

Sorepaw & Fells Indoor Circus

By Margaret S. Bridge and Margaret H. Hahn. The Grand Annex and Musee, Freaks, Curiosities and Monstrosities, never were in it with the marvelous, amazing, mystifying array outlined in its pages. Artistic, ambling, agile, 'andsome acrobats; cajoling, cadaverous, costly, curious, cunning clowns; Hee-Shee, the Monkey Girl of Yucatan; all of these and many others will be seen in the Big Peerade before the show starts, ladies and gentlemen. Keep to the right—don't crowd. Price, 25c.

As Ye Sew

A "talking doll" missionary play by Dorothy Crichton. A lot of fun and some wholesome lessons are contained in the conversation of the dolls who discuss the motives of their donors. Splendid for Young People's or Missionary Societies. 10 girls, 1 boy, or all girls. Time, 20 minutes. Price, 15c.

Finding the Key

A dialog and drill for 10 or 12 girls and boys. Suitable for any religious program, but especially for Easter. Time, 20 minutes. Deals with problems of youth, recreations, etc.; also with those of Community Life and the present spirit of Unrest. Interspersed with suggested songs. Drill very effective. 25c.

Eldridge Entertainment House

FRANKLIN, OHIO also DENVER, COLO.
944 S. Logan St.

USE THESE ON ANY SCHOOL PROGRAM

TUNEFUL OPENING AND CLOSING SONGS

PRICE 35 CENTS EACH

You're Welcome If You Keep Right Still.

If We Were You and You Were Us.

We'll Try to Make You Come Again.

It's Very Clear Your Welcome Here.

Hello, Everybody—Glad to See You Here.

With a Tear In One Eye, We Will Tell You Goodbye.

It's Time to Tell You All Goodbye.

THESE WILL MAKE YOUR WHOLE ENTERTAINMENT EVEN MORE SUCCESSFUL

ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE

FRANKLIN, OHIO also 944 S. Logan, DENVER, COLO.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 212 017 3

New Ju... ...s

A-B-C-Capers

By Soemple. Here is an attractive and novel number for the Primary Grades or Kindergarten. Little Tim's despair in not being able to master letters is turned to keen interest by the antics of the alphabet troupe. Plays about 20 minutes. Price, 25c.

Emily's Dream

By Mary Frix Kidd. This is the story of a Geography lesson, which, instead of being irksome, was, through the medium of a Good Fairy, made very interesting. This is done by presenting a Geographical Pageant. For a large number of children, who present drills, exercises, etc., in costumes of different nations. Time, about 1 hour. Price, 25c.

The Love Flower

By Bell Elliott Palmer. A very pretty exercise for 6 or 10 girls and 1 boy. Suitable for Children's Day or Easter, and can be given either in or out of doors. Time, 10 minutes. Price, 15c.

The Silver Sandals

By Banche Thompson. Ths is a charming new play for 6 boys, 5 girls, fairies, peasants, attendants, etc. The Princess is downhearted and refuses to be consoled. The fiddler plays, peasants do folk-dances, fairies drill, but not untill she gets the silver sandals is she contented. Plays 1 hour or more. Price, 25c.

When Betty Saw the Pilgrims

By Margaret Howard. A pretty story showing how dissatisfied Betty was cured by her mother, who tells the story of the hardships of the Pilgrims, which is illustrated by ten tableaux. Large numbers of children can be used. Plays about 30 minutes. Price, 25c.

Princess Rosy Cheeks

By Effie Sammond Balph. A "good health" play for children, which is very impressive. Introduces Fresh Air Fairies, Soap and Water Fairies, Tooth Brush Brigade, Food Fairies, Rest Fairies, and others. Good-sized cast required with two older children. Plays about 1 hour. Price, 35c.

Queen Loving Heart

By Jean Ross. A splendid children's play, teaching many good lessons. A pretty story of the crowning of Loving Heart, her capture by the Indians and subsequent release, because of her kindness. Can be used for May Day play. 11 speaking parts, Indians, etc. Plays about 45 minutes. Price, 25c.

Eldridge Entertainment House

FRANKLIN, OHIO also DENVER, COLO.
944 S. Logan St.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 212 017 3